SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XIX. { PUBLISHED BY GEO. R. GRAHAM & CO. No. 98 Carter's Alley, Below Third street—Opposite the Girard Bank. } PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 19, 1840. { TERMS. $3 PER ANNUM. $2 IF PAID IN ADVANCE. $1 25 IN ADVANCE FOR 6 MONTHS. } WHOLE No. 999.

Time.

BY C. D. FRENCH.

Yes, why mope
Upon the postcraft sorrow? Though the year
Has gone to Dead with the supreme behest
Of old Eternity, and borne along
Upon its hurrying breast a thousand wrecks
Of glory and of beauty, yet, why mourn
That such is destiny? Another year
Succeeded to the past; in their bright round
The seasons come and go; the same blue arch
That hath hung over us, will hang over us yet,
The same pure stars that we have lov'd to watch,
Will shimmer still at twilight's gentle hour.
Like them will mortal Love and Friendship dwell
Man will remain, to dream as he hath dreamed,
And hand to hand and heart to heart will spring
From the hoar touch of old Affection; Hope
And Joy and grief will visit him as now
As they have come, and their dewy well be
Brighter than those departed years have been
Of partial existence. Even the vow
Of coming years beneath whose mighty wave
Left a great country sinks heavily into rest,
Is coming to find us, as of the winds
Of heaven were poured in its cornucopia to-day
And struggling to be free.

Weep not that Time
Is passing on; it will not long remain
A heighten'd era to the nations. Hark!
Along the valley and mountains of the earth
There is a deep and murmuring sound—a sigh—
Like the swell track of subterranean streams,—
Or like the moaning of the sea, before and
When the Storm Tempest, will commence wing
Heaven lies deep forth upon the earth, and
And hurries onward with his sight of clouds
Against the distant mountains. To the voice
Of infant centuries, that now is calling
Is heard and answered in a thousand tones,
From every hill top of her universal land
And in' al breaks across old Ocean's flood,
Where'er the waves of human life are rolling
Of nations starting from the spell of years.
The day spring!—see, its brightening in the horizon!
The hope that cheers the mariner's heart on sign—
From tempest to lower the signal from flash from—
And the deep watch-word, like the sound of trumpets
That bid'st the conqueror hunting flame.
Oh! Time is passing on—it is passing on—
And tells are on the wing! You glorious host
Of Freedom, headed by the hand of God
In majesty! Time's march rejoice! Its high arch
A type of Love and Mercy on the cloud,
Proclaim the victory already! Inspire the
Well pass on silence, and the sinking waves,
Gathering the tones of victory and of glory,
Reflect the condensed brightness of the Heaven.

Eva Saint Clair.

BY R. P. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

'Twas a bright day in the autumn; the broom leaves were still upon the trees, the moon was springing up rich and green round the eastern hill, and upon the sloping bushes, and the sun, peeping in wherever the hand of Time had cast down their green garnaments from the earlier shrubs, checkered the ground every here and there with bright glances of yellow light, which, while the wind moved the branches gently above, waved slowly backward and forward, as if well pleased at the velvety cushion on which it rested. The scene was as still and solitary as it was possible to conceive. For about a mile on every side, both vale and angry strife had forgotten their existence in the half the population of merry England. No forester took his way through the wood, for the game of the king's chase or baron's huntsmen waited to see whether some clear or yeoman was not soon to fall upon the attack at the royal deer, or entangling for the back in a deadly snare. Stephen, pressed on all sides, had been forced to abandon rights for the sake of peaceably; and many a wide track, abounding in the land, and productive of timber, remained open to any one that chose to hunt within its precincts.

A few sounds, it is true, through the tops of the trees, and made the dry leaves whisper as if telling each other some solemn tale. The sun shone, as I have said, with a bright light, and in the midst of solitude, there is something solemn even in sunshine. At length a woodpecker came down upon a neighboring tree, and a neighboring tree, hunched it with its bill where it seemed below, and then either came down again upon the ground, or flew on to the next tree, with the wild, melancholy sort of laugh to which that bird gives utterance when going the wing.

He had gone on this way for nearly an hour, seeking his sustenance in the bottle of a few hundred yards, when suddenly he started up from a green cushion of moss on which he had rested for a moment, and flew away from the spot, where trees stood far apart, into the depths of the thinner wood beyond.

What had startled the wild bird from the moss? It was a step that fell lightly, and scarcely left a print behind it, but it was quick and hurried, and the small feet that fled it were almost what weary with the length of way it had come.

In a moment after, in the midst of the tall trees where the bird had been, a young woman herself, there stood the form of a girl of some nineteen or twenty years of age. Over her other clothes she wore a cloth brown cloak, such as in those days were very commonly worn by women of the lower orders, and the hood, which formed the principal part of the garment, was brought over her head. The usually, rough and rude in itself, seemed almost one what too large for the person that wore it; for, nevertheless, it could not conceal entirely the shape of the form it covered, not the movement of such well-turned limb.

The young lady—for no one who saw her could doubt that she was so—paused to add one up to the spot we have mentioned, and gazed, round about her, apparently in search of, or else expected to find there something she did not behold.

"It is strange," she said at length, speaking low, in a sweet, melodious voice, like the musical murmuring of a stream, "it is very strange that the old woman is not here. Perhaps I am before the time. I will wait and see," and, seating herself on the mossy bank in the sunshine, she bent down her head upon her hand, and seem fell into a deep fit of meditation. The expression of her countenance grew something more than thoughtful—it grew even melancholy; and so deep did she seem to be sunk in it, that the very hair tongue betrayed, from time to time, the ideas that were passing within. "It is very long," she said, "very long since I heard from him. Old Maude has forgotten such feelings, or she would not keep me so long from the letter. I wonder if I shall ever forget him? Oh, I hope not!" And again she fell into silent thought, with her eyes fixed upon the rich green stone of the moss which carpeted the ground before her feet. A minute or two after, however, bones upon the light wind came the sound of a distant bell, and, looking up and listening with a smile, she again raised her head. "It was the time! Theirs is the bell of the convent sounding the Angelus."

Scarcely had the last tone died away when another sound met her ear—the sound of a tall, clear voice singing a gay country ditty; one of the many for which old England has been famous at all times. That voice was not of the most tuneful tongue, but thby may very nearly be rendered as follows in the English of our own day.

SONG.

Hist, list wanderer, close the door,
See, the brook's brown stream stirs the floor,
Chirking winds are in the sky,
And snow's gone and spring is nigh.
But winter list no more.
Oh, the brown brown! oh the brown,
Best of hues for fields or town.
It mellows the goodly grass.

Hark, the curfew! Hide the fire;
Let no flame rise like a spire,
But leave enough of ember bright
To cast my Maudes eyes by the light
That the gay embers lend.
Oh, the gay, ought's sober gay!
Gold light not blue sky for the day.
But gray as all is the end.

The lady had started up at the very first sounds, and looked in the direction whence they came with some degree of apprehension. As she listened, however, she said, with a more assured countenance, "She has sent her son, the good woodman; yet that does not sound like his voice either. I will creep behind those bushes and watch; that will be the best."

Silently drawing back, and keeping the tree between her and the path by which the singer seemed to be approaching, she placed herself behind some bushes at the distance of between twenty or thirty yards of the spot where she had been seated, and in them stood, the person whose voice she had heard came forward from the thicker part of the wood, looking, as he advanced, more and more cheerful, which, it must be remarked, was the quarter from which the lady herself had first appeared. He slackened his pace, too, as he came up, so that there could be but little doubt that it was for her he looked. His dress, too, reassured her; for it consisted of the yellow untanned leather coat of the woodman, which, from the green archery worth that he employed to clean it, received a tint very much like that of the young leaves of the trees. The coat, indeed, was not the best, for it had been long a good deal worn, and somewhat ragged at the spot where the heavy axe, thrust through the belt, had rested on his right hip; but still it was very different from the rough garb of the serf, and the full, healthy, and ruddy hue of the man's countenance, but replied nothing directly, merely saying, "Let me beseech you, my liege, to take more refreshment, such as my place can afford. Had I known of your coming sooner, I would have been better provided."

"But give me an answer, good sir, and that quick," said the king, "and a fair answer, too, I beseech you."

"I seek not to usurp my daughter, sire," replied the man, in the same cold, proud tone, "perhaps, before I die, she may be a ward of the crown."

Stephen had his hip, but smothered every inclination to make a sharp reply, saying, in a jesting tone, "But where is the fair lady? where is your daughter, my good friend, that I may see her to commend her more, surely, will have some weight in the matter."

"Not knowing of your coming, my liege," replied the baron, "she is gone forth, I understand, either to visit the good nuns of Grace Dieu, or to see her old foster-mother Maude, who lives near the church on the other side of the chase. But where is your noble son, my liege? Your messengers informed me he came with you."

"He rides on before, my good lord king;" perhaps he may have gone to strike a hart in your forest, my good lord. You will not grudge the king's son a deer, I trust?"

"Heaven forbid!" replied the baron. "But there seems some disturbance without there, as if the king's followers were in want of food. Heaven forbid that your son, my liege, should have met any one of my rough foresters!"

Stephen looked anxiously round the court; but, apparently safe, he turned again toward the baron, whose attention had been called in another direction.

During the brief time the king's eyes had been turned toward the court, some other person had been added to the group of which it was part, as we proceed to say what brought them thither, we must once more take the wings of imagination, and fly back to the glades of the forest, and to the scenes which had just taken place under their green canopy.

Eva, for we have said, had hastened rapidly homeward, and, through the horse sounded father and mother at no great distance from her, the path she pursued was for some way quite solitary; till at length, secure from the fear found in the midst of the wild chase with Richard de Lucy, she slackened her pace and walked more slowly, stopping at last entirely to take the gold net from around her, at a spot where the road, rounding an angle at the hill, exposed a deep wooded valley below, with a large stream, spread in the wider side, rising gradually toward her father's castle, the tall keep of which was discernable above the nearer woods on the left hand.

Along the side of the opposite hill the hunt was sweeping merrily; hallooing and hounds were seen here and there, and sometimes for an instant, and then plunging again among the bushes; and still the cheerful echo of the horns and eager cry of the dogs told that the chase was not over, as the quarry led them through a long, many course amid its native woods, Eva gazed, and saw them take their way in a direction which would lead them to the spot where she stood; but, the moment after, she started with surprise, and uttered a faint cry, as her gaily dressed companion sprang forth from the wood and beside her, and one of them, springing from his horse, caught the edge of her mantle with rude familiarity.

"Ha! my pretty maid.n," he cried, "we have been hunting the hart and caught the hind, by'r lady with your leave! back with your hood! Why, there forester let me'deer escape so. On my soul, Rodaer, this is no pitiful prize! Thank my stars, however, that you gave me the chance of the best, and not the same moment that his arm round her slender waist, she struggled to get herself free, treated, threatened her Plantagenet's wrath; but he heard not or heeded not; those were days of unbridled license, and force, cruelty and oppression did not give society's place of safety against insult and brutal violence. Terror took possession of the daughter of St. Clair, and she screamed loudly again and again.

But the second cry had roused from her lips, however, some one darted from the wood, and in a moment another followed him. Both were dressed as woodmen, and again Eva screamed loudly, but this time with joy, for the first was the one who first appeared.

"Get thee back, churl," cried the man who held her, still detaining her with his left arm while he drew his sword with his right; "get thee back, or, by heaven I will send thy head to the place appointed for the serfs in the other world;" and he laughed aloud at his own jest.

His laughter was soon over, however, for the stranger was upon him in a moment with a broad axe drawn from his belt and glittering in his hand. The proud noble struck at him with his sword; but, to his surprise, the axe met the blow and parried it, as a weapon in the hand of a skilful swordsman. With a bitter curse he let go his hold of Eva, and rushed forward upon his adversary; but he had scarcely time to strike another blow, when his opponent, turning the back of the axe, struck him first on the shoulder a blow that brought him on his knee, and then another on the forehead, which, though lighter than the first, laid him stunned and bleeding on the earth.

"Lie there, Earl of Northampton," said his adversary: and then, giving one glance to Eva, who had fled a few paces toward the second man the other horseman, who had likewise drawn his sword, and, with furious and blasphemous intent, was pressing forward to revenge his companion, who had come to Eva's rescue. That other horseman was even younger than the first, but pride and violence were stamped on every feature, and even his action early made of the blighting effects upon his countenance.

"Walter, Walter," cried the voice of him who had just overthrown the first, "the child of the Earl of Northampton. "leave him, Walter, it is the king's son! This lady is safe. Leave him, I say."

"He shall not leave me till I have cleft his scull," cried the prince. "Richard de Lucy, I know you not, and, if you are wise, you will treat you as I would a hound;" and, as he spoke, he spurred his horse upon the woodman Walter, making a furious thrust at his head. But Richard de Lucy threw himself between, turned aside the stroke, and, catching the bridle of the horse, rested it sharply back upon its haunches, so that it slipped and wallowed rudely down the hill.

"Fy, prince, for shame," said De Lucy; "some day such acts will cost you a crown. You have no time to waste here, however; therefore, some of your attendants to carry away the carrion of yonder vile peasanter of your youth."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the prince, loudly, bearing over his saddle bow, and dropping the point of his sword; and, as the young baron approached nearer to bear, the prince struck him a blow with his clenched fist in the face, saying, "Take that, hound, and learn your duty."

De Lucy suddenly raised the axe in his hand, but instantly suffered it to fall again without doing the deed he had meditated. "The time for answering this will come," he said, "at shall be said of me that I struck the first blow in a wood, with no one by, or broke the neck of a stripling who deserves the rod of a pedagogue."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the prince, still, mocking the woodman go before him, he followed Eva on her way. He overtook her soon; for, though the frightened lady had fled, her strength had failed; and, taking a small path which all of them well knew through the depth of the wood, she had led them by a short way to the back of the castle, and there left her in safety. When he had done so he went back to the woodman's cottage, cast off the dress under which he had come disguised, and mounted the horse which was waiting there for his return.

At the neighboring town a large and splendid feast had been ordered to receive the king and his bank; but Richard de Lucy waited only for three who were ready to spring into the saddle, and, commanding twenty-four men at arms to follow, reached his father's castle on the following morning just as high mass was over. His father was kneeling at the altar, with his head, friends and officials-at-arms retainers are returned to the hall, but Richard advanced at once up the aisle to the spot where Stephen of Northampton stood without pause to the high altar, on which, after kissing the cross upon its hilt, he laid down his still unstained sword, saying, "That sword shall never be drawn again in the service, or for the cause of one who has dared to strike the son of Reginald de Lucy."

Chapter III.

There were busy and eager movements seen through the lands of Hostett St. Clair. Horsemen galloping hither and thither, the German archers, sharpening up their bows, and trying their strength on sword and helmet, and troops flocking to the castle from every part of the domain. These signs and symptoms of some sudden change in the state of the proprietor of the Hostett St. Clair were followed by the marching of forces toward Oxford; and in the midst of one of the strongest bands was seen the old knight himself, with a large sword drawn from its sheath, and several old squires and grooms, who had seen her father's age among them from infancy to woman-hood.

In the good town of Oxford there stood at that time a house of entertaining much better than which have been long swept away, it not entirely, yet so far as to leave scarcely a trace of its ancient splendor. At the gates of the palace Eva St. Clair dismounted from her horse, and was led on by some attendants who met her, and, passing through the court, was ushered into a handsome private and imposing aspect. Eva had caused somewhat agitated, but still gracefully, and knelt at the feet of the Empress Matilda; but she was immediately raised, and, though she had not yet been fully twelve full, that number may well be called a beautiful. Let your inquiry, however, be made at the court of Stephen's power was every day increasing; her brother, the Earl of Gloucester, had gone to seek aid in Normandy and Anjou, and she was left with a very scanty force to keep alive the struggle of his return. That return, however, was delayed much longer than any one expected, by the hesitating and uncertainty of her own husband, who had but to fight for the crown, which was here by hereditary right, with scarcely an effort to assist or neglect her. Taking advantage of the great Earl of Gloucester's absence, Stephen carried every energy he could the cause of his rival while the hand of refuge was upon her. The last troops which found their way into Oxford were those which accompanied Eva St. Clair; and although, for two days more, the army of Stephen did not appear beneath the walls of the city, the supply of provisions which had been eagerly demanded from the country round, in order to enable the place to support a long siege, became more and more scanty every day. At length appeared the armies of the enemy. One body led by Stephen in person, one by the murderous and bloody William of Ipres, and one by Prince Eustace, in whose camp was the young Earl of Northampton, slowly recovering from the severe blow which he had received.

At first nothing was seen but the tents and pavilions of the enemy crowning every distant eminence, while dark bodies of horse and foot, the numbers of which could scarcely be distinguished, were seen moving about over the low hills, and through the meadows around. Day by day, however, the besieging force drew closer and closer round the city, and the enemies could be distinguished, the groups of leaders could be told, the shouts and commands could be heard, and at length many a sally and fall of arms, they proved their prowess upon the assailants, and not one tower or battlement was left. Still the garrison thought the good Earl of Gloucester must soon be there. Still they gazed from the highest turret, to see if they could discover the banners of their deliverers coming through the distant wood.

No aid, however, appeared: the provisions in the place became every autumn gave way to winter, and famine began to stalk through the streets. Expedients were made in regard to the quantity of food and living to be allowed to each man, but still the fatal effects of hunger were manifested in many, and, at length, the whole of the allotments was, by her own order, reduced to no more than would supply the demands of nature. In the time the distant wood was seen to be more than on the earth; for there were many poor, and many more thought there, who had not been able, or had not thought fit, to lay in early provisions against the hour of need. Many of the sings had lasted about two months, one could not walk through the streets without seeing pale faces and tottering forms, and mothers were fiercely eagerly toward the countenance of every one they met, as if saying, "Is there any hope of relief?" No relief appeared, and the eyes that were turned the distant country saw but the same wintry sun slowly rise and early set without one sign of coming deliverance. At length a heavy fog fell over the whole land, and lasted nearly a week: no dense that nothing could be seen the distance but the tops of the trees, and the hedges from the first and second day, under the cover of the mist, the besieging force attempted at various points to force its way into the town; but it was on vain that they did so, and, repulsed at every point, regain resorted their efforts to a strict blockade.

After that busy period was past, the garrison had nothing more to occupy them than the want of food. The stores were often examined, and found to have dwindled down to mere pittance. Then, again, the people began to die of hunger, and the sight was one which was terrible and appalling. Some, of apprehensive and doubtful, but still filmed on, and, leading the way, the monk opened the door which led into some vaults below the earth, and thence down another narrow flight of steps, which made the way seem to Matilda as if they were descending into a well. "Lord Bruce," she said, in a low voice to her other male attendant, "if you find that he deceives us, cleave him down with your sword."

"Fear not, lady," replied the gentleman to whom she spoke; "I know him, although he does not know me, and you may trust to him in all faith."

Again they proceeded in silence; and at the bottom of the steps they found another door, which the monk opened with a key. Within all first it was cased with masonry, and a pavement was beneath their feet; but at the end of twenty or thirty yards the masonry ceased, and they were carried by Lord Brian Fitzwalter showed that they were passing under the arch of a sort of rude cave, occasionally supported by brickwork, but not sufficiently so to prevent large masses of the earth and stones from falling down and obstructing the way. At the end of near two hundred yards more the monk turned toward the left, saying, "Here you must put out the light, but lead her majesty gently forward, for the road is rough and dangerous." Lord Brian, as he spoke, and extinguished the torch against the wall of the vault, if wall it could indeed be called. He then led on the empress by the hand, and the monk went before, directing them upon their way; and presently after the first blue light of the morning appeared, and they found themselves in a narrow recess. The depth, indeed, except were the hawthorn bushes were, was very little, and it was divided from another by a mere wall of any of the enemy's soldiers who might have been near, nor was some shelter unnecessary, for at the distance of a few yards on the other side was already passed the outer guards of Stephen's army, and were, in fact, half way through the camp.

Gliding through the hawthorns, the monk advanced calmly on his way, and, too impatient to wait for the slow progress, with the aid of a torch she put in here, followed at the distance of some twenty or thirty paces. After a few minutes of assent the whole scene around burst upon them, still but two hundred were there to groan in their situation. The camp of Stephen was before and around them, not ordered close, for that was a time when the quarters of the different leaders are and the square of about two hundred yards by which they were surrounded by sentinels; but the night was solemnly cold, and wind was high, and the men were all gathered round their fires, or sheltering themselves by the blazing watchfires. On the right, as the empress and her party then stood, was a large pavilion with tattered banners flying at it, while a light could be seen through the canvas walls, and the voice of merriment and revelry made itself heard above the sullen roar of night. Between that tent and those on the left the monk took his straight-forward course, and the rest followed with silent but beating hearts. There was no one upon their path, however, for a time, that lost, and another, and another; they crossed over some slight defence which had been cast up in the rear of the army, and then, after more than a long row of tents, forming a sort of hedge, and looking black amid the white of the winter snow around them. Toward these the monk turned his steps, but paused when he reached them, and the rest of the party found him waiting for them at the angle of a little lane.

"We are safe, lady, we are safe," said Lord Brian Fitzwalter; "this lane leads down to the Thames: it is finely from one, and you can pass across direct to Wallingford."

"We are safe, thank God, we are safe," cried Eva; but at that moment there was a blast of a trumpet behind them, and galloping horse were seen coming down with furious speed.

"Look to the lady, Brian," cried the monk, in a voice of command; "lead them quick across the stream; once on the other side, you are safe, for the horses dare not follow you. Give me your battle-axe; on my life I will detain these horsemen here till you are safe: they cannot pass me here; fly, lady, fly, for they are coming fast," and, snatching the battle-axe from Lord Brian's hand, he cast himself into the middle of the road.

Matilda would have spoken, but all voices cried, "Fly, lady, fly," and she was hurried onward, while the horsemen came down like lightning. There was one considerably ahead of the rest, the captain of the guard for the night; and, seeing himself opposed in the middle of the lane, he resolved but loose at the monk, and spurred eager. If upon him. One stroke the battle-axe, however, parried the lance and shivered it to atoms; and, rushing on, the monk caught the rein of the horse, and, exposed to the flash the ruler from his seat, he threw him violently to the ground. A second soldier, wheeled his horse with his heel to keep himself from the fire while he drew his heavy sword, and then, with a thrust to which it was difficult for an axe to parry, he lunged straight at the breast of his opponent. At the same time that he did so, he shouted his own name—the cry, "A Lacy! A Lacy! Reginald to the rescue! A Lacy! A Lacy!"

The monk heard the monk's hand; the thrust of old Reginald de Lacy was true and strong; his adversary fell, dying the snow with his red life blood, and his horse, sporting its bone on over the body, led his followers fiercely forward in pursuit of Matilda. When he reached the bank of the Thames, however, he could see nothing but some moving objects on the other side; and, eager in the cause he had undertaken, he urged his horse vehemently upon the ice. The animal felt it shake beneath him, trembled and fell, the followers of old Reginald de Lacy endeavored to extricate him from the water before life was lost, but it shook beneath them, and, ere they could recover his body, and then they bore it by another path to his tent. They spent the rest of small turret stair, in the midst of the wall, and the morning that one of them thought to tell a priest, whom Stephen had sent to offer prayers for the soul of De Lacy, that a few minutes before death, old Reginald walked to the door and had called some one like a monk, who had attempted his progress.

The priest left others with him and instantly set out for the place they described; but there they found a sight that make even the hearts of men accustomed to such voluntary every scene of human suffering, ache for the fate that was now past recall. There, indeed, lay the fair and delicate form of one in the early years of manhood, with the gray gown of a monk, indeed, cast over his shoulders, but beneath it the rich garments of Norman nobles, dyed with the flood of gore which had streamed from the death-wound in his breast. There, indeed, lay Richard de Lucy, slain by the hand of his own father; but there lay also the corpse of the monk; and between, with her rich brown hair all disheveled and unbound—with her garments, too, drenched in the blood that flowed from her breast—The she loved, lay the still, cold, but yet beautiful form of Eva de St. Clair. None could tell how she had died: whether she committed the deed with her own hand, or whether grief had been alone enough to extinguish the warm spark of life within her breast. All that was even known was that at the time, when the empress reached the bank of the river, Eva was not with her; and the decrease of the pursuit compelled the rest of the party to the hasty retreat which we have already noticed.

St. Clair.

From the New Lordsaker, for Sep.

A Sister's Thoughts over a Brother's Grave.

BY CORA HARTLEY.

He sleeps on peace! Death's cold eclipse
His radiant eyes hath shrouded over,
And stricken pallor, from the lips
Of woman, on his heart no more
Death's wild beauty it to on come.

He sleeps in peace! The noble spirit
That beamed forth from his living brow,
Prompt, at the action of most worth,
With reverence and with truth to bow,
He takes a sister for his worge.

He knows not that they're not his wishes,
His thoughts are all another life's.

I hope he knows not that the hand
Once given to him, in more another's
I know the flame that once it fanned
Had all gone out. I know, my brother's
Lost thoughts were of my love and sorrows.

I hope he knows not that his child
Is to me not, and knows its father's name
Keep its young sacredness
And worthy of its father's fame.
Oh Thou true whom we spirit's name!

Then Father of the fatherless!
The mantle that my brother wore—
The robe of truth and faithfulness—
Keep, for his children sake, on me
My be clad both left nothing more!

That mantle!—Men had once him blame
It mantle of pride, and scorn, are it fair
Peace, brother! for as while as same
No soul, of all on earth that dwell,
Can state what once because thou wall.

Or peace thou sleepest!—through the haze
Of our sad eyes we see
And now the smiles and the stars
Thou'rt lying down and gaily sleep.
Heart-broken brother, on thy bed!

The Confession.

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

My furlough had nearly expired; and, as I was to leave the village the next morning to join my regiment, then on the point of being shipped off for India, neither she nor any of my old companions spent the evening with me in the Marquis of Granby. They were joyous, hearty and worth bred there, and drinking began contention.

I to myself the sobercst of the squad, and did think it could be agreeable to my friends. The liquor, however, had more power than my persuasion, and at last it so exasperated some foolish young fellows, with terrible bravery, that Jones and Jem Bradley, that they fell to fighting, and so the party broke up.

Bradley was a handsome, bold, fine fellow, and I had more than once urged him to enlist in our corps. Soon after quitting the house, he passed me in my way home, and I spoke to him as he was upon the other side of the street, but he—he would abide no reason—he could only swear of the revenge he would inflict upon Winlaw. Hearing that I was remaining upon my part, for Bradley was to blame in the dispute; till from love to me, we both grew fierce, and in an instant one took a blow in the face, that my bayonet leaped into his heart.

My passion was in the same moment quenched. I was all over cold in my feet—I heard footsteps approaching—I fled toward my father's house—the door was left unbolted for me—I crept softly, but in a flutter, to bed—but I could not sleep. I was stunned, as a horrible vision was upon me—a hurry was in my brain—my mind was fire. I could not believe that I had killed Bradley. I thought it was the night-mare which had so poisoned my sleep. My tongue became as parched as charcoal: had I been choking with ashes, my throat could not have been filled with more horrible thirst. I breathed as if I were suffocating with the dry dust into which the dead are changed.

After a time that fit of burning agony went off;—tears came into my eyes—my nature was softened. I thought of Bradley when we were boys, and of the summer days we had spent together. I never owed him a grudge—his show was occasioned by the liquor—a fiver beat then his merry never opened; and I wept like a maiden.

The day at last began to dawn. I had thrown myself on the bed without undressing, and I started up involuntarily, and moved hastily—I should rather say instinctively—towards the door. My father heard the stir, and inquired wherefore I was departing so early. I begged him not to be disturbed; my voice was troubled, and he spoke to me kindly and encouragingly, exhorting me to be sober in those companions. I did make no reply—indeed, I heard no more—there was a blank between his blessing and the time when I found myself crossing the Common, near the place of execution.

Yet through all that horror and frenzy, I felt not that I had committed a crime—that deed was the doing of a flash. I was conscious I would never in cold blood have harmed a hair of Bradley's head. I considered myself unfortunate, but not guilty; and this fond persuasion so pacified my alarms, that, by the time I reached Portsmouth, I almost thought as little of what I had done, as the fate of the gallant French dragoon whom I saluted at Salamanca.

Ever and anon, during the course of our long voyage to India, sadder afterthoughts often came upon me. In those trances I saw, as it were, our pleasant village green, all sparkling again with schoolboys at their pastimes: then I fancied them gathering into groups, and telling the story of my manslaughter; again, moving away in silence upon the earth, and I lightly cast on the bier of poor Bradley. Still, however, I was loth to believe myself a criminal; and so, from day to day, I persuaded myself that the conquest of my enemy's revealing what was passing within, to the observance of suspicions of my comrades. When the regiment was sent against the Burmese, the bravery of the war, and the hardships of our adventures so won me from reflection, that I began almost to forget the sentient of that fatal night.

One day, however, while I was in the outer room of the Colonel's quarters, I chanced to take up a London newspaper, and the first thing in it which caught my eye was an account of the trial and execution of Dick Winlaw for the murder of Bradley. The dreadful story soothed my eyes—I read as if every word had been blood—it was a wild and wonderful account of all. The farewell party at the Granby was described by the unfortunate. I was spoken of by them with kindness and commendation; the quarrel between Bradley and Winlaw was described, as in a picture; and my attempt to restrain them was pointed out by the judge in his charge to the jury as a beautiful example of loving old companionship. Winlaw had been found near the body, and the presumptions of guilt were so strong and manifest that the jury, without retiring, found him guilty. He was executed on the Common, and his body hung in chains. For the first time I felt that I was the murderer—then it was that the molten sulphur of remorse was poured into my bosom, rushing, spreading, eating and devouring; but it changed not the bronze with which hardship had masked my cheek, nor the steel in which danger had tempered my nerves.

I obeyed the Colonel's orders as unmoved as if nothing had happened. I did my duty with habitual precision—my hand was steady, my limbs were firm; but my tongue was incapable of uttering a word. My comrades, as they came toward me, suddenly halted, and turned aside—strangers looked at me, as if I bore the mark of some fearful thing. I was removed, as it were, out of myself—I was in another state of being—I was in a hell.

Next morning we had a skirmish, in which I received this wound in the knee; and soon afterward with other invalids, I was sent to Calcutta. We were landed at Portsmouth, and I proceeded to my native village. But in this I had no will nor choice; a chain was around me, which I could not resist, drawing me on. Often did I pause and turn, wishing to change my route; but Fate held me fast, and I was enchanted by the spell of many an old and dear remembrance, to revisit those things which had lost all their innocence and holiness to me.

The day had been sultry, the sun set with a drowsy eye, and the evening air was moist, warm, and oppressive. It weighed heavily alike on mind and body. I was crippled by my wound; the journey was longer than my strength could sustain much farther, still I resolved to persevere, for I longed to be again in my father's house; and I fancied were I once there, that the burning in my bosom would abate.

During my absence in India, the new road across the Common had been opened. By the time I reached it the night was closed in—a dull stillness, breathless, death, sluggish, and unwholesome night: and those things which still remained in their shapes some blackness, deeper than the darkness, seemed, as I slowly passed by, to be endowed with a mysterious consciousness, with which my spirit would have held communion, but for dread.

While I was frozen with the influence of this dreadful phantasy, I saw a pale, glimmering, ineffectual light, rising before me. It was neither lamp, fire, nor candle; and though like, it was yet not flame. I took it at first for the noise of a reflection from some unseen light, and I walked toward it, in the hope of finding a cottage or an alehouse, where I might obtain some refreshment and a little rest. I advanced, its form enlarged, but its beams became no brighter; and the horror of spot of open ground which served as a place of execution, returned with overwhelming power. I rushed forward, but soon halted, for I saw my self, in the old, and as I supposed, dead clothes, and dragging legs contention.

I to myself the sobercst of the squad, and did think it could be agreeable to my friends. The liquor, however, had more power than my persuasion, and at last it so exasperated some foolish young fellows, with terrible bravery, that Jones and Jem Bradley, that they fell to fighting, and so the party broke up.

Bradley was a handsome, bold, fine fellow, and I had more than once urged him to enlist in our corps. Soon after quitting the house, he passed me in my way home, and I spoke to him as he was upon the other side of the street, but he—he would abide no reason—he could only swear of the revenge he would inflict upon Winlaw. Hearing that I was remaining upon my part, for Bradley was to blame in the dispute; till from love to me, we both grew fierce, and in an instant one took a blow in the face, that my bayonet leaped into his heart.

My passion was in the same moment quenched. I was all over cold in my feet—I heard footsteps approaching—I fled toward my father's house—the door was left unbolted for me—I crept softly, but in a flutter, to bed—but I could not sleep. I was stunned, as a horrible vision was upon me—a hurry was in my brain—my mind was fire. I could not believe that I had killed Bradley. I thought it was the night-mare which had so poisoned my sleep. My tongue became as parched as charcoal: had I been choking with ashes, my throat could not have been filled with more horrible thirst. I breathed as if I were suffocating with the dry dust into which the dead are changed.

After a time that fit of burning agony went

Saturday Morning Post.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1853.

To Subscribers.

To the many kind subscribers, who during the past year, have given us evidence of their good will, by a willing and prompt remittance to us when due, under our system of terms, and shall our every exertion to give them the worth of their money?

Subscribers in arrears, who are now receiving their bills, will oblige us with a prompt and generous response. We intend to pursue a rigid system with those who are willfully delinquents after notice.—Our list of paying subscribers, are the ones to look to, for the best to furnish, but those who are willing to read the paper, without the wish to pay for the enjoyment, deserve neither favor nor favor, but a fair exposure. We know that much is attributable to forgetfulness, and all who fairly give us their names, are punishable. To those who plead the risk of the Mail, we say, give it to the nearest Post Master to be at once forwarded to us, and we will incur the risk and loss if any occurs.

The Horticultural Society.

The exhibition of the Horticultural Society, which has just been terminated, though not so splendid as it was last year, was highly creditable to our city. The two large saloons of the Masonic Hall were filled with the choicest flowers, the richest fruits, and the rarest plants. The specimens, in almost every variety of horticulture, were of the finest character. It would be invidious to praise any particular one where all are deserving of commendation, but we cannot help expressing our admiration of the several specimens of the rarest plants from the garden of Gen. Robert M. Patterson. The collection of Dahlias was very fine. We have never seen a better array of this flower than was exhibited on Thursday evening, at the Masonic Hall.

The *Pinelands* was worthy of a visit through them from the garden of Mr. G. Thomas, of the Northern Liberties. They are seedlings, and called by their owner, "Typecanoe."

The *Pears* are in great variety, both of the sickle and butter kind. A specimen of the latter presented by Mr. J. B. Smith, particularly arrest all our attention.

The *Quince*, from Mr. Samuel Gratz, Broad street, were splendid specimens of this desirable fruit.

The *Plums*, presented by C. Chauncy, Esq., were rich and various.

The *Grapes* were of every variety, and from almost every quarter. The white Grape predominated. The sight of such an array of this tempting, luscious fruit was almost irresistible.

The *Apples* were also very plentiful, and of every variety of species and tint, some of a rich yellow—some of a deep green—some of a deep red, and some of a blush ne detailed, if the case of the rose, and the crimson on a young girl's innocent cheeks.

The *Pegeons* particularly attracted our attention. This is a new fruit, just introduced, from, we believe, the Monsoupi. Its flavor is delicious, and its perfume "a nosegay of sweets." In size it is not unlike a green walnut with the hull on, while in shape and size it resembles somewhat a peach.

We can ourselves testify to its flavor, as rich and luscious, from having been indulged with a taste thereof, by one, who is always the first to receive and share such rarities with his friends.

The vegetables were well represented from mammoth pumpkin, delighting the souls of all lovers of good pies, down to the luscious sweet potato, making the mouth of the gourmand water to look thereon. Really the only objection we could bring to this and to the fruit department was that they were suffered to gratify only the eye, to the great scandal of the palate.

The hall was crowded every evening with the beauty and fashion of our city, and he must indeed have been a spirit of the school of Diogenes, who would have gazed on those bright and beautiful beings, morning amid the loveliness of nature, without admiration. For our part if we knew a single gallant, who had forgotten to escort his lady-love to the Horticultural exhibition, we would publish him as a fellow of mother and not spirit, unworthy of his fair girl's fame, and fit only for the dull, tread-mill monotony of a bachelor's unlicensed life.

Flowers are the glory of the earth, decking it with loveliness, and covering it as with a vesture. On the hill side or in the valley—in the cleft of the mountain or by the silvery stream—springing up in the wild wood shade, or bursting into life on the rich meadow land, they shine beautify the earth, and fling a perfume around as of the value of Eden. Frail, beautiful and fading things, how brightly they gleam but awhile, and how quickly they wither and are not. "They come forth in the morning and are not more—they flee also as a shadow that continueth not."

There is something in the fleeting nature of these beautiful things inexpressibly solemn. They are blooming to-day, but withered to-morrow.—The tokens of affection,—how often like it they leave us to mourn over its decay! As our friends fade away from our side so fall the flowers, blighted by an early frost! Frail, fleeting, yet lovely all their evanescence, we linger over their beauty, conscious that to-morrow it will have fled forever. So is it with life. A bud—a flower—a few withered leaves—and then—the grave.

New Publications.

CHARLES O'MALLEY, or the Irish Dragoon—with illustrations.—*No. 1.—Forcy & Hart.*—A rich work, full of humor, and the very thing for an afternoon's pleasant perusal. "For as the old saying hath it" a hearty laugh helpeth digestion." We rank "Harry Lorrequer," as second only to Dickens, and in Irish humor he is infinitely superior. The letter press of the work is fine, much better than that usually afforded. The illustrations are right excellent. No one should be without this edition of Charles O'Malley.

THE BOTANIC MEDICAL EXPOSITOR—*for Sept.*—This excellent periodical for the current month is on our table. Its contents are various, and are some excellent hints in the present number respecting the diseases of children.

The Wonder Still Mammoth Tube.

The first discharge of this wonderful tube, weighing so much, is held at Quincy Hall, and occupies four hours. In the second it is announced nearly large enough to reach the ceiling, surmounted by the appropriate motto, "Why it rise till it meets the sun in the evening, is the natural light of morning gilt it, and may parting day linger and play on its summit."

The Post states, "that between three and four thousand dollars were taken for admission to the Hall on the first day of opening. Over six thousand people must have visited the Hall. The scene is represented as perfect enchantment. The number of tables is forty-three, one from each of the towns, and the remainder assorted by ladies of Boston. The editor of the Post had to "suffer" for a "letter" which he gives it as a correct sample of the entire book, almost every word in it commencing with a P. A Major is named from the fair, edited by Mrs Hale, and established the Union. It is to be issued daily at Quincy Hall during the fair.

"The Post Office at the Fair," says the Boston Courier of yesterday, "has been open to the public for two weeks. We understand on Saturday morning that the revenue of that department had amounted to about four hundred dollars. Six assorted letters had transmitted for the enormous pressure to the opening of the Fair on Thursday—all but about twenty of them by the aster of the editor of one of our most popular evening papers—an evidence of industry and patriotism that seems to us unparalleled, to say nothing of the wear and tear of imagination, in composing such a number of letters, all varying in their matter."

COURT OF DEATH—We understand that Rembrandt Peale, Esq., is about to exhibit, at the Artist's Fund Hall, his "Great moral painting of the Court of Death." A new generation of young men and women have grown up since this impressive picture was exhibited to their fathers and mothers.

The untimely death of this promising young man—noticed in another paragraph of this week's issue—has cast a gloom over the whole social circle of acquaintance, for which only its talents, urbanity, and worth could atone. His memory will be fondly cherished, and for this sad event of remembrance shall have passed away. An appropriate notice of some years with Mr. Sanderson, will be found in another column, by an early friend. Few young men at the bar promised a brighter career.

Firm yet cautious will still need without being timid, a generous hearted, honorable and generous nature. We intend to pursue a rigid system with those who are willful delinquents after notice.—Our list of paying subscribers, are the ones to look to, for the best to furnish, but those who are willing to read the paper, without the wish to pay for the enjoyment, deserve neither favor nor favor, but a fair exposure. We know that much is attributable to forgetfulness, and all who fairly give us their names, are punishable. To those who plead the risk of the Mail, we say, give it to the nearest Post Master to be at once forwarded to us, and we will incur the risk and loss if any occurs.

The Horticultural Society.

The exhibition of the Horticultural Society, which has just been terminated, though not so splendid as it was last year, was highly creditable to our city. The two large saloons of the Masonic Hall were filled with the choicest flowers, the richest fruits, and the rarest plants. The specimens, in almost every variety of horticulture, were of the finest character. It would be invidious to praise any particular one where all are deserving of commendation, but we cannot help expressing our admiration of the several specimens of the rarest plants from the garden of Gen. Robert M. Patterson. The collection of Dahlias was very fine. We have never seen a better array of this flower than was exhibited on Thursday evening, at the Masonic Hall.

The *Pinelands* were worthy of a visit through them from the garden of Mr. G. Thomas, of the Northern Liberties. They are seedlings, and called by their owner, "Typecanoe."

The *Pears* are in great variety, both of the sickle and butter kind. A specimen of the latter presented by Mr. J. B. Smith, particularly arrest all our attention.

The *Quince*, from Mr. Samuel Gratz, Broad street, were splendid specimens of this desirable fruit.

The *Plums*, presented by C. Chauncy, Esq., were rich and various.

The *Grapes* were of every variety, and from almost every quarter. The white Grape predominated. The sight of such an array of this tempting, luscious fruit was almost irresistible.

The *Apples* were also very plentiful, and of every variety of species and tint, some of a rich yellow—some of a deep green—some of a deep red, and some of a blush ne detailed, if the case of the rose, and the crimson on a young girl's innocent cheeks.

The *Pegeons* particularly attracted our attention. This is a new fruit, just introduced, from, we believe, the Monsoupi. Its flavor is delicious, and its perfume "a nosegay of sweets." In size it is not unlike a green walnut with the hull on, while in shape and size it resembles somewhat a peach.

We can ourselves testify to its flavor, as rich and luscious, from having been indulged with a taste thereof, by one, who is always the first to receive and share such rarities with his friends.

The vegetables were well represented from mammoth pumpkin, delighting the souls of all lovers of good pies, down to the luscious sweet potato, making the mouth of the gourmand water to look thereon. Really the only objection we could bring to this and to the fruit department was that they were suffered to gratify only the eye, to the great scandal of the palate.

The hall was crowded every evening with the beauty and fashion of our city, and he must indeed have been a spirit of the school of Diogenes, who would have gazed on those bright and beautiful beings, morning amid the loveliness of nature, without admiration. For our part if we knew a single gallant, who had forgotten to escort his lady-love to the Horticultural exhibition, we would publish him as a fellow of mother and not spirit, unworthy of his fair girl's fame, and fit only for the dull, tread-mill monotony of a bachelor's unlicensed life.

Flowers are the glory of the earth, decking it with loveliness, and covering it as with a vesture. On the hill side or in the valley—in the cleft of the mountain or by the silvery stream—springing up in the wild wood shade, or bursting into life on the rich meadow land, they shine beautify the earth, and fling a perfume around as of the value of Eden. Frail, beautiful and fading things, how brightly they gleam but awhile, and how quickly they wither and are not. "They come forth in the morning and are not more—they flee also as a shadow that continueth not."

There is something in the fleeting nature of these beautiful things inexpressibly solemn. They are blooming to-day, but withered to-morrow.—The tokens of affection,—how often like it they leave us to mourn over its decay! As our friends fade away from our side so fall the flowers, blighted by an early frost! Frail, fleeting, yet lovely all their evanescence, we linger over their beauty, conscious that to-morrow it will have fled forever. So is it with life. A bud—a flower—a few withered leaves—and then—the grave.

New Publications.

CHARLES O'MALLEY, or the Irish Dragoon—with illustrations.—*No. 1.—Forcy & Hart.*—A rich work, full of humor, and the very thing for an afternoon's pleasant perusal. "For as the old saying hath it" a hearty laugh helpeth digestion." We rank "Harry Lorrequer," as second only to Dickens, and in Irish humor he is infinitely superior. The letter press of the work is fine, much better than that usually afforded. The illustrations are right excellent. No one should be without this edition of Charles O'Malley.

THE BOTANIC MEDICAL EXPOSITOR—*for Sept.*—This excellent periodical for the current month is on our table. Its contents are various, and are some excellent hints in the present number respecting the diseases of children.

The Wonder Still Mammoth Tube.

The first discharge of this wonderful tube, weighing so much, is held at Quincy Hall, and occupies four hours. In the second it is announced nearly large enough to reach the ceiling, surmounted by the appropriate motto, "Why it rise till it meets the sun in the evening, is the natural light of morning gilt it, and may parting day linger and play on its summit."

The Post states, "that between three and four thousand dollars were taken for admission to the Hall on the first day of opening. Over six thousand people must have visited the Hall. The scene is represented as perfect enchantment. The number of tables is forty-three, one from each of the towns, and the remainder assorted by ladies of Boston. The editor of the Post had to "suffer" for a "letter" which he gives it as a correct sample of the entire book, almost every word in it commencing with a P. A Major is named from the fair, edited by Mrs Hale, and established the Union. It is to be issued daily at Quincy Hall during the fair.

"The Post Office at the Fair," says the Boston Courier of yesterday, "has been open to the public for two weeks. We understand on Saturday morning that the revenue of that department had amounted to about four hundred dollars. Six assorted letters had transmitted for the enormous pressure to the opening of the Fair on Thursday—all but about twenty of them by the aster of the editor of one of our most popular evening papers—an evidence of industry and patriotism that seems to us unparalleled, to say nothing of the wear and tear of imagination, in composing such a number of letters, all varying in their matter."

COURT OF DEATH—We understand that Rembrandt Peale, Esq., is about to exhibit, at the Artist's Fund Hall, his "Great moral painting of the Court of Death." A new generation of young men and women have grown up since this impressive picture was exhibited to their fathers and mothers.

Foreign News.

By the late arrivals at the Atlantic and the packet ship England, we have nothing new, of importance from Europe, except the silly attempt of the exiled Napoleon to strike up an alliance in France, and a lamentable shipwreck,—both of which occasions are given in detail, as our readers would doubtless like the particulars.

Attempted Insurrection.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, Aug. 6.

This morning one of the most daring attempts at revolution which have characterised the country since the days of the first and of memorable July, has been made. The inhabitants of this peaceful town from its slumbers. The fusts, as I have collected them, are as follows:

The city of Strasburg steamer, belonging to the Continental Steam Navigation Company, was hired by Prince Louis Napoleon, ostensibly for an excursion of pleasure along the British coast, for fourteen days. In this he embarked with fifty-six followers, eight horses, and two carriages in the Thames, on Wednesday last; this morning, about two o'clock, they reached the coast of France, off Wimereux, about three mile from Boulogne. The surprise of captain and crew may be imagined, but the whole of the party remained on deck, not in the peaceful garb of citizens, but *en militaire*, some as lancers, some as general officers, some as staff officers, with all their covering on their hats, with the number 48 painted in front, that being the regiment which at Strasburg had formerly indentified itself so seriously in the cause of Napoleon.

Their object was soon made evident. The ship's boat was lowered, and the whole company landed in the boat, leaving the captain on board, he ordered the captain to cruise off the coast, but to keep close us to Boulogne, and have a boat ready manned in case of fire these should be signalise to that effect. Among those landed I have been able to collect the names of the General Montholon, Colonels Vaudrey, Parquin and Delaborde.

When all had landed, they marched into the town by the Pont de Brique, Rue de Lille, Rue Simoneau, into the Grand Rue, shouting—" Vive l'Empereur," the Prince carrying his hat on the end of his sword, and waving it in the air. From the Grand Rue they made their way to the Rue de la Lampe to the Caserne, and roused the whole body of troops of the line, I believe only one company, that composed of the Gendarmes, awakened, and seeing themselves surrounded by general officers, knew not what to make of the scene. The Prince addressed them, made to comprehend that a revolution was on foot, that Louis Phillipe was dethroned, that all France was ready in favor of Louis' cause—Vive Napoleon, and that they must arm to march forthwith upon Paris. As soon were preparing to obey, their captain, who, I believe, was gained over by the money, rushed in among them, and restored their wavering loyalty by shouting "Vive le Roi." High words and a scuffle ensued between him and Prince Louis, when the latter drew a pistol and fired; unfortunately the ball struck the under jaw of a poor soldier who was endeavoring to separate the two. The affray was filled up by the election of the Rev. Dr. Bethune to that office. The Webster resolutions so far as reports have been made, is in a state of great confusion. The Whig element, precipitately quitted the Caserne, and retired to the port.

By this time the town was roused, the alarm-bells were rung, the National Guards were under arms, and the National Guards pouring out in all directions. The proclamations, one of which I have seen, is short, but has been loudly applauded along every street through which they passed, and money given to those who had fled. Louis' cry was, "Soldiers, I am not the object was, and the necessary directions were given to the Sous-Preist to stack the distortions of the Emperor, and to honors the greater part were either prisoners in the guard-house, or in custody. They made no stand after leaving the Caserne. Some made their way with the eagle to the Napoleon column, others to the port, and seized upon the sole, and signalled for a boat from the steamer. Unfortunately for them too many got into it. Four only reached the ship, the rest were taken by the Douane, and a narrow escape of being drowned.

Their sudden absence, however, affairs had changed on board the steamer. M. Follet, the harbor master, by order of the mayor, had proceeded with a strong force, entered the vessel on board, and taken possession of it; it was fortunate for the prince they they did so, for in returning to the shore the latter they found him, almost exhausted, clinging to the buoy, about half a mile from the shore. He was taken on board, and by him Colonel Vaudrey. In escaping from the shore, they had unfortunately run down a boat, in which were relations of England and France. Public opinion was so strong against the prince, that a guard was stationed two per cent on Friday and Saturday last, to prevent his escape. On Saturday last, however, Napoleon left the town, and on Sunday, under an escort of gendarmes. He descended at the hotel de la Terrasse at Wimereux, and there remained until the arrangements of those persons, how to be effected, were completed. They have crossed each other, and finally, as they had engaged in it he did not take the command, but left it to others to direct.

The plan of invading the army of Italy was to have been as follows:—The Prince was to have landed, and then marched up to Dieppe to secure the King's yacht, which was in readiness for his reception, the prince, the corpse of France was to follow on board the yacht, with Napoleon in command, and the line sails immediately to the public coast to the Mediterranean, where they were to be received in the cathedral church at Lodun. Fete, however, was to be given in honor of the event, and Napoleon was to be crowned

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

Single copies, $5 00 paid in advance; $5.50 if allowed to run six months.

Subscriptions unaccompanied by a remittance will be considered as on the usual "year" of twelve months, and a draft will be drawn accordingly.

Paper discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Letters and Post Paid Letters of business, remittances, &c., must be addressed to the Publisher.

Communications are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give name of Post Office, County and State.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Remittances may be made by mail at our risk—received from, or sent to us through the post, or to be addressed.

To Correspondents.

"Mr Pipe Love," shall appear. It is, in some verses, quite commendable.

"Fame," is on file for insertion. The poetry of "the Diamond of America," has met a response in other hearts beside that of "S. B." for it breathes in every line the purity, the fervor, the aspirations of a soul full of sentiment.

The "Stanzas," by Omer, beginning

"Say—what art thou deep

Mystic Sea,"

are only passable. They affect a style which the writer is scarcely able to maintain. Does Omer call verses date three, pretty?

"Spare me that reproachful glance,
Maiden, dear,
Thou errest in a trance,
And I am a gentle bear, &c.
I thought I was forgotten—
Say what
Of was coerced to inquire
Maiden, dear!

It will never do. Take our word for it, unless Omer can sing better than he will never write even decent verse.

An hero is one facetious friend Major. With the chalk cutter in the old world we cannot—the fellow has not the heart to be angry! We shall say nay! Never! Major your poor is no go," but borrow from Cowper, and say "go ahead." Seriously, Major, you write pretty well and will yet, if he continues improving, be able to

"Catch up his burner and cast it but upward."

Our "Lucubrations" appear next week; and we shall be happy to hear from him again.

"Lucubrations" is the "Lucubrations" spoken of.

"A. S." Hoaglan shall appear. A hint is enough if I don't escape the connoisseur of sense of our sub scribers, we know not what will

"Lucubrations"—not to day. The weather is too cool for such a theme as that of the Old Bachelor. Let us wait for the sunshine. It is a highly praiseworthy production

Financial Record.

New Counterfeits.

Pocatuck Bank, Pocatuck, R. I. 1's letter B, various dates, and payable at the counter; signed A. B. Wrixon, Pres't, J. W. Wilson, Cashier.—Paper thick and bad.

Bank of the State of Georgia. 5's pay to Jno. Baldwin or Bearer, Cash. W. R. Bullock, Fin't. Engraving, copper, signatures well executed.

Farmers' Bank of Orwell, Vt. 10's and 20's, vignette an agricultural picture; can be detected by observing that the spurious bills purport to be signed by the Eastern Bank Note Engraving Co.

Farmers' Bank, Amsterdam, N. Y. 3's, letter B. dated Aug. 1840; L. Johnson, Cash. H. Brown, Pres't; general appearance bad.

Roger Williams' Bank, Providence, R. I. 10's altered from 1's; may be detected by looking them up to the light.

Commercial Bank, Oswego, N. Y. 5's and 10's altered from 1's and 2's; the alteration may be detected by the paper; there is a difference between the tinges of the true notes and the altered ones. That of the one at the top, is a bend of Venus rising from the sea, and that of the counterfeit with the word "New York" under it. At the top of the two, Neptune and Amphitrite in a car, and at the bottom of the true note, the letter B in a small scrambrel directly over the word Commercial. At the top of the ten the arms of the State of New York.

Union Bank of New York. 1's, letter H. dated July 4, 1832.

Chittenango Co. Bank, Randolph, N. Y. 5's and 10's altered from 1's; may be detected by comparing the notes of any of the Red Rock bank, of the same denomination, and if the vignettes are not similar, they are bad.

Mechanics' Banking Association, N. Y. 20's altered from 2's, as well done as to pass with some of the uninformed. The vignette of Ceres is readily be detected by looking up the bill to the light. The bank has issued no such denomination.

Oneida Bank, Utica. 5's letter B. stamped dated Jan. 10, 1833, signed James Seldin, Cash. Wm. Curtis, Pres't; paid for at Hyde, Spencer, Utica and of yellow and crude engraving; coarse, and whole appearance of bad bad. The words "New York Banking Company," are on the top of the vignette.

Newark Banking Company, Newark. 5's altered from 1's, dated Oct. 21, 1831, easily detected by looking up to the light.

A rogue named Jesse Hoely, was recently arrested at Buffalo, in whose trunk was found a vast quantity of bills on the Phenix Bank of Chittenango, Canandaigua, and Auburn, without being filled up. A twenty also, on the Tradesmans' Bank of New York, was found, wanting the signature of the cashier, and the name of the bank. Implements for carrying on the counterfeiting and shaving business. He was committed.—*Republican.*

The Broken Shinplaster Bank.—The Baltimore papers announce the failure of the following institutions in that city which have issued small or fractional notes: The Patapsco Bank, the Merchants' Savings Institution, The City Trust Company, and the Mechanics Saving Fund Co. The latter issued notes to the amount of $100 on the sum of one pound dollars, to answer to the charge of conspiracy with the Patapsco Bank, and the former with those of the Penpsco Savings Fund, in which Thomas Higgins and himself have figured so conspicuously.

Bank Notes Issued.—A table of engraving rapidly Ne low than 2000 then are employed upon it, in some instans bills city and night.

Fire.—In Trenton on Monday night a fire occurred which consumed a saw mill, planing machine and lumber yard, belonging to Messrs. Stacy & Cowell, Charles Green. Mr. J. Dawson's paper mill was somewhat damaged also. No insurance.

Shipping in New York.—During the year ending January 1840, the enormous number of 622 vessels took place in the city of New York—nearly an average of two per day.

Over the Hills and Far Away.—*Daniel Fish*, a clerk in the Canal office at Canal Dover, lately swam away with over three hundred dollars belonging to the State of Ohio.

A Goodly Company.—The Boston Transcript states that thirteen thousand nine hundred and six passengers visited the Navy Yard at Charlestown last Friday.

Board of Musicians.—The receipts of the American Board of Missions during the past year, have been increased to $241,691, their expenditures were $205,774, Balance against the Board, $94,082.

Whole Boat!—The Acadia and the President have both been spoken again. The Acadia ahead. The Boston sent out by three or four days. Was the Bostonians home!

The General Post.—The steamboat Sun, Pike was sunk on the 2d inst. near the mouth of Big Bear, Ky. It is supposed she will be a total loss. Cargo insured.

Injected Hog.—The Grand Jury have found a true bill, since the Montreal Courier, against Captain McAdam, for the murder of Lieut. Farquhar.

Fire at Trenton.—A barn mill belonging to Mr. Williamson, in Trenton, was totally consumed by fire on Monday night, about nine o'clock.

Deaths in Baltimore.—Reports of interments in the city of Baltimore for the last week, ending Monday morning: Males 28—Females 21—49.

Natal.—The U. S frigate Brandywine, sailed from Gibraltar on the 28th of July, for the east sand.

Married.—Moses B. Hoskins, blacksmith, was married to Miss Sarah Ann Hoskins, all of Richmond, Va.

Good Sales.—3,000 tickets at fifty cents each were sold last Friday at the Monumental Fair, Boston.

The Galvanizing Wheel.—The Albany Argus gives an account of a machine invented by Mr. E. Jerkson of Albany, called the galvanizing wheel, by which the process of galvanizing and depositing zinc is greatly facilitated. The repelling power is brought into practical and easy application.—the fended cat passing down one inclined plane while the receiving or "graduating" wheel is passing up the other.—There are two wheels, the one to receive from the place of operation to the place of deposite—so adjusted as to allow the car to execute its load at a single turn of the handle. Mr. Jerkson has secured the first of the planes and return—and so on, *ad infinitum*.

The use of Asphaltum.—Asphaltum is getting into very general use, and like most new things all its qualities cannot be known, till we have arrived at its application. Here, in this city it is imagined by many that a pavement composed of this material, will not only outwear one of any other material, but that it is superior both in point of beauty and utility. It has been proved that a pavement composed of this material, will not only outwear one of any other material, but that it is superior both in point of beauty and utility. It has been proved that a pavement composed of this material, will not only outwear one of any other material, but that it is superior both in point of beauty and utility. It has been proved that a pavement composed of this material, will not only outwear one of any other material, but that it is superior both in point of beauty and utility.

Starred to Death.—On Monday last in Mount Vernon, N. H. a man by the name of Thomas, known as Dr. Thomas, a very intemperate man, stabbed Mr. McCollister, Mower, in the abdomen, from the effects of which he very soon expired. Thomas became offended with Mr Small at something and at the same time, Mr. Small, of Mount Vernon, and he and Small left the tavern, Thomas followed him and plunged the fatal knife into him. The murderer was taken before the magistrate for examination, when Mr Small was a very respectable man and highly esteemed by those who knew him, and was to have been married the coming week.

Two Men Drowned.—On Thursday the 3d inst. two young men named Ezekiel B. Holbrook, and Nathaniel P. Mower, the latter of Buffalo, N. Y. on a pleasure boating excursion on the Reservation. No tidings were obtained of them until the night of the 6th, when their bodies were found in the Little Buffalo creek, near the red bridge a few miles from the city. The former was a young man engaged to be married in a small canoe, and were overturned and lost. Both the young men were of exemplary character, and leave a large circle of friends to mourn.

Steam on Common Roads.—We see, by the late English papers, that experiments with the steam carriages on common roads continue to be made with success, even mastering hills of great ascent. On the hard level road, without shakening, a mile has been run in three minutes, and even on the worst of cross stones, four minutes was the average, and in ascending an ascent, five minutes to the mile. Then 25 miles were run in the same time, and 12 the maximum of the trial. The boiler with which this was done had a 50 horse power.

Cost of a Bad Idea.—The New York Express suggests the idea that it "would be a most excellent plan, if the number of the house opposite were placed on a sign post, that they would enable persons to stop at a glance what number they were in pursuit of, and in fact could find the house they were in pursuit of better than they can now, than during the day." Suppose our citizens take the matter into consideration. What is the cost of a sign post, and would it be a paying one?

Unfortunate Accident.—A young man named Broker, a fireman on one of the locomotives of the Boston and Worcester Railroad, was killed on Saturday morning by the running of the engine from the engine house at Worcester, inadvertently fell upon the track, and a wheel of the tender passed over his ankle. It was so severely injured that amputation was necessary.

Eating Strawberries.—The method of eating strawberries by putting them in layers, and mixing them with loaf sugar, and sugar, is said to be highly dangerous, although common enough in fruit. It is alleged that strawberries so mixed undergo a chemical process, which renders them highly corrosive to health.

Suicide.—The wife of Mr. Joseph Thurston, residing in the north part of Hempstead, L. I. committed suicide on Saturday afternoon by hanging herself with a small rope from a beam in her dwelling. The rope was found around her neck. Domestic affairs are said to have been the cause of the rash act. She was committed lying on the floor, with a fair exterior. She had been drugged for some time.

Union Bank of Rhode Island.—The Boston Courier of Wednesday morning that a gentleman of Boston has contracted for the engraving and completion of the Rhode Island Bank Note. The Indore of Earthaven have transmitted $1.00, and the ladies at Providence, $1.00. The bank is to be the branch at Providence, which was stolen in some manner from the bank, during her passage between the two places.

Four Persons Murdered.—The Savannah and Apalachicola Florida, four persons were drowned in attempting to pass from St. George's Island to a pilot boat in a small boat which capsized in the surf. Two were Rome. Mr. Susan Lewis, a boy about five years of age, and Charles Rose, a pilot. They were in a leaky boat, and were drowned.

Another Steamboat Sunk.—The mail boat Pike, plying regularly between Cincinnati and Louisville, struck a rock about 5 o'clock on the morning of the 3d, some forty feet or fifty miles below the former place, near the head of the Big Bone bar. She was valued at $40,000, and was owned by Capt. Wm. Reed and Capt. Pollard. A better appointment could not have been made.

Letter of M. Chevreuse.—The Hon. Martin Chittenden, formerly a member of Congress and afterwards Governor of Vermont, died on the 5th inst at Williston, Vt. He had a newly perverse to his death from illness, sick at the fever prevalent at that country.

Sad Death.—Last Sunday, says the Portland Argus, the wife of Mr. C. K. Norris, of Monmouth, Kennebec county, gave birth to *four living children*—two sons and two daughters. The mother was safely delivered of the quadruplets, and is doing well. The father is "doing well."

Shocking in New York.—During the year ending January 1840, the enormous number of 622 vessels took place in the city of New York—nearly an average of two per day.

Over the Hills and Far Away.—*Daniel Fish*, a clerk in the Canal office at Canal Dover, lately swam away with over three hundred dollars belonging to the State of Ohio.

A Goodly Company.—The Boston Transcript states that thirteen thousand nine hundred and six passengers visited the Navy Yard at Charlestown last Friday.

Board of Musicians.—The receipts of the American Board of Missions during the past year, have been increased to $241,691, their expenditures were $205,774, Balance against the Board, $94,082.

Whole Boat!—The Acadia and the President have both been spoken again. The Acadia ahead. The Boston sent out by three or four days. Was the Bostonians home!

The General Post.—The steamboat Sun, Pike was sunk on the 2d inst. near the mouth of Big Bear, Ky. It is supposed she will be a total loss. Cargo insured.

Injected Hog.—The Grand Jury have found a true bill, since the Montreal Courier, against Captain McAdam, for the murder of Lieut. Farquhar.

Fire at Trenton.—A barn mill belonging to Mr. Williamson, in Trenton, was totally consumed by fire on Monday night, about nine o'clock.

Deaths in Baltimore.—Reports of interments in the city of Baltimore for the last week, ending Monday morning: Males 28—Females 21—49.

Natal.—The U. S frigate Brandywine, sailed from Gibraltar on the 28th of July, for the east sand.

Married.—Moses B. Hoskins, blacksmith, was married to Miss Sarah Ann Hoskins, all of Richmond, Va.

Good Sales.—3,000 tickets at fifty cents each were sold last Friday at the Monumental Fair, Boston.

Robbery and Drowning.—On night before last, says the Pocayune of the 27th, a fellow named Duffy, notorious for his rascality in this community, went on board the schooner Emerald, Capt. Morgan, where he was boarded in the cabin of the officers, broke open Capt. M's clothing. The mate of the schr. discovered him and gave the alarm, which aroused the sailors on board who gave chase and captured him after a long run side. Kelly was secured and taken to prison.

A woman named Peter Peterson, belonging to the Otsaltee, in attempting to cross the river, accidentally fell between the two vessels and was drowned immediately. Mrs Peterson was called from his intended chambers to fall into the sleep of eternity. He belonged to Cattle, and has left a wife and two children, who are yet in grief over her melancholy fate.

Horrid Murder.—A man named Lamon, a being tried at Louisville for the murder of a negro. He confessed that on the night his accomplice broke out they met in company not intending to do any thing, had gotten out of danger, hired the negro to go back and ask his master, which he did, and afterwards passed them. They then went up the river a short distance, where they plotted to put the negro out of the way, which they executed in the following manner. Williams went up behind him and struck him over the head with a lead colt. They had to strike him several times before they killed him. They then *ripped* open his bowels and placed a large stone in him and threw him into the river.

Steamer Lexington.—The Reporter, printed at Yazoo City, Ms. says that Mr. Wilkes, of that county, about ten days since took up a negro in the woods who had been lost by his master, Mr. Vernon, and as he was in the act of delivering him to Mr. Vernon, and as he was proceeding homeward the negro secretly drew a knife and inflicted several stabs upon Mr. W. before he could be assisted by the bystanders. He succeeded in stabbing the negro severely with his own knife, when both became disabled.—Mr. W. received a large cut in the breast, which entered the intestine, and for several days his life was despaired of; but he is now likely to recover. The negro is committed for trial.

For Beating a Pastor.—The Court of Common Pleas, in Greenfield, Massachusetts, has decided that the keeper of a post house had no right to inflict chastisement, however mercenary, upon its inmates. The plaintiff was doubtful whether the servant girl was in fact child of nineteen years, and fifteen or twenty dollars was the damage awarded by the jurors.

Cut his Foot.—In Boston on Thursday last as a lad about 11 years old, was playing upon one of the circular saw benches in the cabinet ware house of Mr. Isaac Lincoln, near the old depot of the Worcester Railroad, and turning it rapidly, his foot was caught in the joint of the saw, and cut off at the instep, leaving the other half the foot was joined to the other, apparently, by the skin of the sole. His name was Bottomcook.

Crimes of Text.—By the returns of the late census the total population of Troy, including the village of West Troy, on the opposite side of the river, is little over 23,000. Of this number, 10,000 are in the city proper, and about 3000 in West Troy. In 1830 the whole population of both places was not over 12,000; the present increase showing an increase of 100 per cent in ten years.

Indian Outrages.—Accounts from Florida state that Mr. Dexter's family, of Key Biscayne, have been murdered by about fifteen Indians about seven miles from Black Creek, a little off the Newnansville road. Putnam was killed, one report says, in the house, and another states that he escaped. It is added that an express rider was shot near Fitzako, two teamsters near Fort Taylor, and one near Pilatka.—*Courier.*

Harbing Deserters.—At Quebec on the 3d and 4th inst. two masters of vessels were condemned, one in the sum of 200 currency and the other in that of the misguided penalty of 20l and costs, the first on the information of the captain of H. M. frigate Winchester, for knowingly harbouring a deserter each from that ship.

Persecution of the Jews.—A large meeting of the friends of Switzerland, was held in Paris, in relation to the preservation of the Israelites of Damascus and Rhodes. The Mayor presided, and resolutions were passed, declaring the meeting, in the name of their wrongs, by the meeting, were presented and passed.

Steamboat Accident.—The steamboat Boston was run down by a sloop, on Friday night, between West Point and Caldwell, and sunk in deep water so ways that she can be raised. The sloop was also sunk. The steamboat R. L. Stevens. There is a report that two persons were drowned, but we are not able to obtain whether it is true or false.

Boy Killed.—The Transcript of Boston states that a fine boy, seven years of age, son of a Mr. Meag of Brighton, was run over by a wagon on Friday, near the Rev. Mr. Ellis's meeting house, yesterday, was knocked down by the horses of the Medford omnibus, both wheels of which passed over his breast, causing his death in about ten minutes.

Cotton Press Burned.—At N. Orleans on the 1st inst. the engine house attached to the Lower Cotton Press was discovered to be on fire, and extinguished in two hours and was consumed. The energetic action of the firemen and the building being fireproof, confined the conflagration to the engine house, and prevented the destruction of the cotton press and adjoining building. The loss is estimated at $25,000.

Steamboat Accident.—Forty Lives Lost.—The St. Louis Gazette of the 31st ult. says that the Boston was run into by the Icelander, the morning, opposite the landing, but went on her way with trifling damage. The Icelander was struck about midships, and it was thought that stoving the loss of life at 40, as a safe estimate.

Vessel Sunk.—We learn from the Buffalo Advertiser, that just before daylight on Monday morning last, the schooner Atlantic, having on board fifteen hundred barrels of salt, struck on a reef of rocks two miles east of Cleveland, by the steamboat Buffalo. The Atlantic lies in an hitherto water.

Theatre Burnt.—The theatre at Prague, rented out of Tallahassee, have taken to the Gulf of Mexico, and are cruising in a sloop well manned by the desperate fellows, and well armed. Of their successes there can be no doubt.

The Bunker Hill Fair.—The Boston Post says "the fair continues two days longer. More than $12, 000 have been received, and the sales will probably be $12,000 more. The lady shop-keepers stand to their guns bravely, and do not complain of fatigue."

Can't Read nor Write.—It is said that there are in Hudson county five millions of women who can neither read nor write, and thirty millions of these are colored subjects.

Sam's Got Clear.—Elisa Norton, whose trial at Springfield on a charge of murder we have noticed, has been discharged on her own recognizance, which is in fact an absolute acquittal of the case.

Hung Himself.—Mr William Myers, of Sheridan, Chautauque county, committed suicide on Monday, the 24th ult. by hanging himself during a fit of intoxication.

Tossing by Steam.—We see it stated that all the towing on the Fifteen Mile Creek on the Delaware and Raritan canal between Trenton and Bordentown has been lately done by a locomotive, instead of horses.

Then—Are for Now.—The Jonesytown lancaster Intelligencer of Lodi, has a notice for higher wages. They get $1 75, but want $2 a day.

Distressing Accident.—We regret to learn that Mr. Reynolds P. Starke, of Trenton, Ky. was shot dead from an unfortunate shot from the gun of his son, on the morning of the 26th ult. None of the circumstances attending the event which could afford a clue by which to arrive at the causes and perpetrators of the outrage have been made public.

Health of Charleston.—That city still continues healthy. The Courier says, the Board of Health report the interments for the last week at 29, which is as many as can be considered almost certain that the deaths reported so far the past two years will not sink in appearance this season.

Dire Coal Mine.—There is a coal mine worked at Monkseaton-mouth, England, 1680 feet below the surface of the earth, 1 mile 1 furlong 20 yards from the shaft at which mining operations have ever been carried on.

Going to Texas.—J. B. Morgan, of Washington, advertises in the Globe his runaway clerk, who has decamped with a considerable lot of Mr. Mix money. He is gone no doubt to Texas.

A Good Selection.—Professor William Rudd, of the Pennsylvania University, has been unanimously chosen a Corresponding Member of the National Institute of Washington, for the promotion of the arts and sciences.

Forgery.—A man named Conklin has been arrested in New York, on a charge of forgery, for uttering the words "or order" on a note he make it negotiable.

Very Sick.—The Wheeling Times of Saturday states that Mr Curtiss, candidate for the office of Governor of Ohio, is now lying very sick at Cambier City.

Twenty Bales Abandoned.—Mr Wier, the steamboat has twenty-sixth mountain on Chamberlain, Pa. on the 5th inst. which was perfectly unconscious, although the weather was unpropitious.

Appointment by the President.—Gabriel Moss, Esquire, to the Deputy Post Master at Penn Orleans, in the State of Louisiana, vice William McQueen, resigned.

Canada Rebellion Bill.—The royal assent was given to the Canada clergy reserve bill, by commission, on the 7th of August.

Mad Dog.—A mad dog was shot in Baltimore on Sunday.

Gazette Election.—The election in Georgia for some members of the State Legislature, takes place on the 5th of next month. A year ago, Dougherty, Whig, was elected Governor over M'Donald, Dem., by 1510 majority. Two years ago the entire Whig Congressional ticket was elected by the three of the members on their arrival at Washington became administration men. Those three members, Messrs. Black, Colquitt and Cooper, are now among the candidates. Georgia elects her Congressmen by general ticket.

New Jersey.—The annual election for members of the Legislature takes place on the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 14th. This election is of the more importance because when the Legislature meets to be elected will devolve the choice, not only of a Governor, but of a U. S Senator. Members of Congress and Electors of President and Vice President are to be chosen on the 2d and 4th of November.

Whig Nomination.—The following persons were nominated on the Whig Ticket this week: For Senate, Matthew Walker. For Assembly, Joshua C. Oliver, Frederick Klett, Michael Day, Charles M. Reynolds, Jacob Hyer, Wm. Hall, Charles E. Smith, Charles S. Rahrer, and James H. Parker.

Democratic nominations.—The following nominations were made on Monday evening by the Democratic Republicans of the Northern District, at the Corpse Nelson, in Third street, below Green.—For Mayor of the district, John M. Cassens, late Alderman of the Fifth ward.

For Commissioner.—First ward, Christian Saylor, Second ward, Andrew Wick; Third ward, William Goldsmith and Jesse Shellenberger; Fourth ward, John K. Bender; Fifth ward, Edward D. Mayer; Sixth ward, Thomas Jamison; Seventh ward, Michael Levering.

Inaugurated.—Robert P. Letcher, Esq., and M. Y. Thompson, Esq. were inaugurated as Governor and Lieut. Governor of Kentucky, on the 1st inst.

General News.

Increase of Population.—The following is the census of Buffalo, Troy, Buffalo, Rochester as published by the late census, with the increase since 1830, viz —

	1835	1840	Increase.
Albany,	28,085	33,567	5,562
Troy,	16,960	19,373	2,414
Buffalo,	15,661	18,356	2,695
Rochester,	14,404	20,129	5,725

Rochester, it will be seen, presents far the greatest ratio of increase.

A Terrible Scene.—The Louisville Journal states that "on the night of the 28th ult. at the house of John Robinson, of Logan county, Illinois, was struck by lightning while the neighbors and family were attending the funeral of a child. Mr. Robinson, Jr. of Saugamon, was killed at the bedside of his dying mother. His sister, Ellen Jane, was severely shocked, and was considered dangerously hurt, and all in the house were more or less injured."

Suspicious Signs and Cards.—The sch'r Atlantic, Capt. Hezekiah Neville, from Lower Cove, for Buffalo, with a cargo of 23000 bushels of wheat, was recently taken down by the steamboat Buffalo, Captain Allen, and towed into Buffalo harbor. The vessel is attributed to carelessness on board the Buffalo. She quickly was the vessel sunk, that the crew had barely time to escape.

Unfortunate Accident.—A young man named Broker, a fireman on one of the locomotives of the Boston and Worcester Railroad, was killed on Saturday morning by the running of the engine from the engine house at Worcester, inadvertently fell upon the track, and a wheel of the tender passed over his ankle. It was so severely injured that amputation was necessary.

Eating Strawberries.—The method of eating strawberries by putting them in layers, and mixing them with loaf sugar, and sugar, is said to be highly dangerous, although common enough in fruit. It is alleged that strawberries so mixed undergo a chemical process, which render them highly corrosive to health.

Suicide.—The wife of Mr. Joseph Thurston, residing in the north part of Hempstead, L. I. committed suicide on Saturday afternoon by hanging herself with a small rope from a beam in her dwelling. The rope was found around her neck. Domestic affairs are said to have been the cause of the rash act. She was committed lying on the floor, with a fair exterior. She had been drugged for some time.

Union Bank of New York.—On the 3d inst. the Boston Courier of Wednesday morning that a gentleman of Boston has contracted for the engraving and completion of the Rhode Island Bank Note. The ladies at Earthaven have transmitted $1.00, and the ladies at Providence, $1.00. The bank is to be the branch at Providence, which was stolen in some manner from the bank, during her passage between the two places.

Four Persons Murdered.—The Savannah and Apalachicola Florida, four persons were drowned in attempting to pass from St. George's Island to a pilot boat in a small boat which capsized in the surf. Two were Rome. Mr. Susan Lewis, a boy about five years of age, and Charles Rose, a pilot. They were in a leaky boat, and were drowned.

Another Steamboat Sunk.—The mail boat Pike, plying regularly between Cincinnati and Louisville, struck a rock about 5 o'clock on the morning of the 3d, some forty feet or fifty miles below the former place, near the head of the Big Bone bar. She was valued at $40,000, and was owned by Capt. Wm. Reed and Capt. Pollard. A better appointment could not have been made.

Letter of M. Chevreuse.—The Hon. Martin Chittenden, formerly a member of Congress and afterwards Governor of Vermont, died on the 5th inst at Williston, Vt. He had a newly perverse to his death from illness, sick at the fever prevalent at that country.

Sad Death.—Last Sunday, says the Portland Argus, the wife of Mr. C. K. Norris, of Monmouth, Kennebec county, gave birth to *four living children*—two sons and two daughters. The mother was safely delivered of the quadruplets, and is doing well. The father is "doing well."

Shocking in New York.—During the year ending January 1840, the enormous number of 622 vessels took place in the city of New York—nearly an average of two per day.

Over the Hills and Far Away.—*Daniel Fish*, a clerk in the Canal office at Canal Dover, lately swam away with over three hundred dollars belonging to the State of Ohio.

A Goodly Company.—The Boston Transcript states that thirteen thousand nine hundred and six passengers visited the Navy Yard at Charlestown last Friday.

Board of Musicians.—The receipts of the American Board of Missions during the past year, have been increased to $241,691, their expenditures were $205,774, Balance against the Board, $94,082.

Whole Boat!—The Acadia and the President have both been spoken again. The Acadia ahead. The Boston sent out by three or four days. Was the Bostonians home!

The General Post.—The steamboat Sun, Pike was sunk on the 2d inst. near the mouth of Big Bear, Ky. It is supposed she will be a total loss. Cargo insured.

Injected Hog.—The Grand Jury have found a true bill, since the Montreal Courier, against Captain McAdam, for the murder of Lieut. Farquhar.

Fire at Trenton.—A barn mill belonging to Mr. Williamson, in Trenton, was totally consumed by fire on Monday night, about nine o'clock.

Deaths in Baltimore.—Reports of interments in the city of Baltimore for the last week, ending Monday morning: Males 28—Females 21—49.

Natal.—The U. S frigate Brandywine, sailed from Gibraltar on the 28th of July, for the east sand.

Married.—Moses B. Hoskins, blacksmith, was married to Miss Sarah Ann Hoskins, all of Richmond, Va.

Good Sales.—3,000 tickets at fifty cents each were sold last Friday at the Monumental Fair, Boston.

Estimated Land Slide.—A letter dated Plaquemine, La. September 4th, says: We are in the midst of desolation; the whole levee in front of the town is gone; my newspaper office has taken a trip down the river in company with several other buildings, and I have only had time to save the materials of the printing establishment. I am complely exhausted with fatigue, and beg you to excuse any apology for the ample details of this public calamity. I can merely add in a few words, that more than eight arpents front by an average depth of about 200 feet has tumbled away, and it is my opinion that it will not stop there, for every thing seems to indicate that the ground will continue to slide off for several days to come.

The Steamer.—The steam ship President, from New York, for Liverpool, was spoken on the 5th inst. in lat. 42 3-4 long 51 1-2 G. P. M. ent account, at afternoon of the 4th.

The Great Western, from New York for Bristol was spoken at half past 1 o'clock on the 3d inst. in lat 41 32 lon 57 45, by the Ferry at Quebec.

Steamer Acadia crossed at Halifax from Boston on Thursday the 3d inst., and proceeded on her course to Liverpool the same day, with eighty-five passengers.

A Narrow Escape.—A late fresher removed the culvert from beneath the Union and Schenectady Railroad, near Buffalo, in consequence of which the night train car came near destruction, was stopped by a man with all the passengers by an Irish woman who seeing it approach the gulf, stopped it. It had reached the brink of the gulf when the engineer was about to make the plunge the whole were about to make.

Four Fires.—On Thursday night last in Poughkeepsie New York there were four fires, all of incendiaries. The first was a coach factory and used for storing machinery. Loss $2000; insurance $1000. The second was another coach factory, and was the largest establishment of the kind in the city, and was extinguished without damage. The third a store house belonging to Gen. Conkey Post Master. The fourth and its contents, all grain, were consumed. The fourth a carpenter shop.

Kissed for Sale.—At the Bunker Hill Monument Fair on Wednesday last, a male grave a very pretty young lady at one of the tables 25 for a kiss, and went away delighted with his bargain. If the same article were sold by the ladies at our fairs, we suspect there would be but little demand for any thing else. Mr. Lamb, the keeper of the monument at Mount Hauth, was fined $2 and the costs, for beating a female proper with a rod.

Two Men in Rain.—The Apalachicola Gazette of 29th August, states that the town has been visited with rain for *fifty days* in succession, and that the crops in that region are almost entirely cut off. Perennial vegetation has almost been drowned out, and in consequence of the humid atmosphere mercantile property has suffered to a great extent. All small boats and tadpoles have appeared in several of the principal streets.

Cut his Foot.—In Boston on Thursday last as a lad about 11 years old, was playing upon one of the circular saw benches in the cabinet ware house of Mr. Isaac Lincoln, near the old depot of the Worcester Railroad, and turning it rapidly, his foot was caught in the joint of the saw, and cut off at the instep, leaving the other half the foot was joined to the other, apparently, by the skin of the sole. His name was Bottomcook.

Crimes of Text.—By the returns of the late census the total population of Troy, including the village of West Troy, on the opposite side of the river, is little over 23,000. Of this number, 10,000 are in the city proper, and about 3000 in West Troy. In 1830 the whole population of both places was not over 12,000; the present increase showing an increase of 100 per cent in ten years.

Indian Outrages.—Accounts from Florida state that Mr. Dexter's family, of Key Biscayne, have been murdered by about fifteen Indians about seven miles from Black Creek, a little off the Newnansville road. Putnam was killed, one report says, in the house, and another states that he escaped. It is added that an express rider was shot near Fitzako, two teamsters near Fort Taylor, and one near Pilatka.—*Courier.*

Harbing Deserters.—At Quebec on the 3d and 4th inst. two masters of vessels were condemned, one in the sum of 200 currency and the other in that of the misguided penalty of 20l and costs, the first on the information of the captain of H. M. frigate Winchester, for knowingly harbouring a deserter each from that ship.

Persecution of the Jews.—A large meeting of the friends of Switzerland, was held in Paris, in relation to the preservation of the Israelites of Damascus and Rhodes. The Mayor presided, and resolutions were passed, declaring the meeting, in the name of their wrongs, by the meeting, were presented and passed.

Steamboat Accident.—The steamboat Boston was run down by a sloop, on Friday night, between West Point and Caldwell, and sunk in deep water so ways that she can be raised. The sloop was also sunk. The steamboat R. L. Stevens. There is a report that two persons were drowned, but we are not able to obtain whether it is true or false.

Boy Killed.—The Transcript of Boston states that a fine boy, seven years of age, son of a Mr. Meag of Brighton, was run over by a wagon on Friday, near the Rev. Mr. Ellis's meeting house, yesterday, was knocked down by the horses of the Medford omnibus, both wheels of which passed over his breast, causing his death in about ten minutes.

Cotton Press Burned.—At N. Orleans on the 1st inst. the engine house attached to the Lower Cotton Press was discovered to be on fire, and extinguished two hours and was consumed. The energetic action of the firemen and the building being fireproof, confined the conflagration to the engine house, and prevented the destruction of the cotton press and adjoining building. The loss is estimated at $25,000.

Steamboat Accident—Forty Lives Lost.—The St. Louis Gazette of the 31st ult. says that the Boston was run into by the Icelander, the morning, opposite the landing, but went on her way with trifling damage. The Icelander was struck about midships, and it was thought that stoving the loss of life at 40, as a safe estimate.

Vessel Sunk.—We learn from the Buffalo Advertiser, that just before daylight on Monday morning last, the schooner Atlantic, having on board fifteen hundred barrels of salt, struck on a reef of rocks two miles east of Cleveland, by the steamboat Buffalo. The Atlantic lies in an hitherto water.

Theatre Burnt.—The theatre at Prague, rented out of Tallahassee, have taken to the Gulf of Mexico, and are cruising in a sloop well manned by the desperate fellows, and well armed. Of their successes there can be no doubt.

The Bunker Hill Fair.—The Boston Post says "the fair continues two days longer. More than $12, 000 have been received, and the sales will probably be $12,000 more. The lady shop-keepers stand to their guns bravely, and do not complain of fatigue."

Can't Read nor Write.—It is said that there are in Hudson county five millions of women who can neither read nor write, and thirty millions of these are colored subjects.

Sam's Got Clear.—Elisa Norton, whose trial at Springfield on a charge of murder we have noticed, has been discharged on her own recognizance, which is in fact an absolute acquittal of the case.

Hung Himself.—Mr William Myers, of Sheridan, Chautauque county, committed suicide on Monday, the 24th ult. by hanging himself during a fit of intoxication.

Tossing by Steam.—We see it stated that all the towing on the Fifteen Mile Creek on the Delaware and Raritan canal between Trenton and Bordentown has been lately done by a locomotive, instead of horses.

Then—Are for Now.—The Jonesytown lancaster Intelligencer of Lodi, has a notice for higher wages. They get $1 75, but want $2 a day.

Distressing Accident.—We regret to learn that Mr. Reynolds P. Starke, of Trenton, Ky. was shot dead from an unfortunate shot from the gun of his son, on the morning of the 26th ult. None of the circumstances attending the event which could afford a clue by which to arrive at the causes and perpetrators of the outrage have been made public.

Health of Charleston.—That city still continues healthy. The Courier says, the Board of Health report the interments for the last week at 29, which is as many as can be considered almost certain that the deaths reported so far the past two years will not sink in appearance this season.

Dire Coal Mine.—There is a coal mine worked at Monkseaton-mouth, England, 1680 feet below the surface of the earth, 1 mile 1 furlong 20 yards from the shaft at which mining operations have ever been carried on.

Going to Texas.—J. B. Morgan, of Washington, advertises in the Globe his runaway clerk, who has decamped with a considerable lot of Mr. Mix money. He is gone no doubt to Texas.

A Good Selection.—Professor William Rudd, of the Pennsylvania University, has been unanimously chosen a Corresponding Member of the National Institute of Washington, for the promotion of the arts and sciences.

Forgery.—A man named Conklin has been arrested in New York, on a charge of forgery, for uttering the words "or order" on a note he make it negotiable.

Very Sick.—The Wheeling Times of Saturday states that Mr Curtiss, candidate for the office of Governor of Ohio, is now lying very sick at Cambier City.

Twenty Bales Abandoned.—Mr Wier, the steamboat has twenty-sixth mountain on Chamberlain, Pa. on the 5th inst. which was perfectly unconscious, although the weather was unpropitious.

Appointment by the President.—Gabriel Moss, Esquire, to the Deputy Post Master at Penn Orleans, in the State of Louisiana, vice William McQueen, resigned.

Canada Rebellion Bill.—The royal assent was given to the Canada clergy reserve bill, by commission, on the 7th of August.

Mad Dog.—A mad dog was shot in Baltimore on Sunday.

Baltimore Occurrences.—On Tuesday a German girl was poisoned by eating some pie given to her by a boy in the street. *Sun-Dial* next morning. Captain Corkney, of the ship Covington, on Tuesday fell down the hatchway of his vessel and fractured his thigh. Mrs. Nixon, wife of a flour merchant, fell from a wagon near the flat air market on Monday, and hurt herself so severely that she died. A Mr. E. Neal fell his landed gun in his room, and on Monday his sister handling it, shot herself in the bowels. A store in Calvert street was undermined, fell down on Wednesday afternoon.

Sacketts Cured.—We did not suspect that squinting could be cured by an operation; but the New York Courier records one performed by Dr. Detmold, of that city, by cutting a delicate muscle, which contracts the eye and caus

THE OLIO.

Through the open of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I Love Not All the Rose.

ADDRESSED TO E. S.

I love not all the rose
Of the baroque shrub;
Or the ocean's roar,
Or the waves that dash on the sounding shore,
Or the baroque shrub;
Or the sun's glow,
Or the flowing brook,
And lake that repose over it's glade.

I love those know the trees
In the summer's grove,
That to the waters in the lake, and leave,
And many a form
Where hearts were wove
Has been the joy of the ocean's storm.

I love those seen the skies
When storms wind,
And the raging waters in fury flee,
When the waves leap high,
And the sea howls cry,
Can you who seek down why be help in sigh?

I love those tell the music
Of the wife's fond heart,
As she saw that step o'er the waves depart,
For well she knew
Its dauntless eye
Might feel a gentle in its waters blow?

Do thy thoughts ever
Thro' the coral grove,
While the lights of the fish, far above—
To the foaming brine
Where the bright pearls shine
Make thee mend of the ocean's mine?

I love dost thou seek
Where that gallant bosque
Rock down in the waves of the waters dark?
And canst thou tell
To what spot it fell
The frame of those loved, and lost ones dwell?

If thoughts like those
Have fancy please,
Thoughts that might well the warm blood freeze;
Then dost not of roam
Far from thy home,
And find a grave in the sea's white foam.

But as for me
I love not the sea—
I would rather my grave in the earth orbit be,
Where the grass may spring,
And the wind whistle,
And freedom to my tomb, the bright flowers bring
Attenborough, Pa. Aug. 1848. A. N. F.

AN ACT OF NAVAL ATTITUDE.—A captain of an American packet had learned from a French passenger, on crossing the Atlantic with him, was in the daily habit of sucking his (the captain's) tooth brush supply the place of a hair brush. Instead of placing it in a bottle and tack before Monsieur, he one morning had not down by his plate the identical tooth brush with which he was accustomed to adjust his hair.

"He, he, captin," said the Frenchman, "I gat you make one grand forget, a big mistake; where be my—what you call him—fork and knife?"

"Why, look here, Mr." said the Yankee captain, coolly, "I guess as how my tooth brush is just as well calculated for cutting up your breakfast fixins, as it is for brushing your hair, eh?"

The Frenchman was never known to interpose on the captain's tooth brush afterward. The manœuvre of the skipper was a settler for the Frenchman.

LOSS OF HUMANITY.—These lines, of old renown are again quoted in the English papers, but new views of humanity and its objects and aims, have come in with railroads and steam presses. The poor of art and science, though it emanate from man's own mind, lowers the tone of arrogance and presumption, whether it come from peasant or prince:

Tender minded bosom a settler,
And it stirgs you for your pains!
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
But it as with common nettles,
You them lick'd, they rebel:
But it rough as nutmeg grater,
And the nutter need you will.

FILLING UP.—A waggish printer, whom we once knew, was setting from the manuscript of an author, who wrote a very illegible hand, and whose style was not the best. Coming to a place in copy, which he found it impossible to decipher, he inserted the following:

"Here the author has written with the hand that's left."

"My DEAR WIFE"—so the man said when he looked at his last mailiner's bill.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A Fragment.

She was a bright and beautiful being, such as we see in our dreams of fairy land—one cloud dim'd the radiance of her eye, or shadowed the lightness of that brow "where love sat throned," no one seemed like the beloved of some fair citizen of sunny skies, and sparkling fountains, where song-birds sport amid the surest air, and their bright plumage mocks the rich hues of the rainbow.

Her then once the skies
When storms wind,
And the raging waters in fury flee,
When the waves leap high,
And the sea howls cry,
Can you who seek down why be help in sigh?

Count then tell the music
Of the wife's fond heart,
As she saw that step o'er the waves depart,
For well she knew
Its dauntless eye
Might feel a gentle in its waters blow?

Do thy thoughts ever
Thro' the coral grove,
While the lights of the fish, far above—
To the foaming brine
Where the bright pearls shine
Make thee mend of the ocean's mine?

I love dost thou seek
Where that gallant bosque
Rock down in the waves of the waters dark?
And canst thou tell
To what spot it fell
The frame of those loved, and lost ones dwell?

If thoughts like those
Have fancy please,
Thoughts that might well the warm blood freeze;
Then dost not of roam
Far from thy home,
And find a grave in the sea's white foam.

But as for me
I love not the sea—
I would rather my grave in the earth orbit be,
Where the grass may spring,
And the wind whistle,
And freedom to my tomb, the bright flowers bring
Attenborough, Pa. Aug. 1848. A. N. F.

AN ACT OF NAVAL ATTITUDE.—A captain of an American packet had learned from a French passenger, on crossing the Atlantic with him, was in the daily habit of sucking his (the captain's) tooth brush supply the place of a hair brush. Instead of placing it in a bottle and tack before Monsieur, he one morning had not down by his plate the identical tooth brush with which he was accustomed to adjust his hair.

"He, he, captin," said the Frenchman, "I gat you make one grand forget, a big mistake; where be my—what you call him—fork and knife?"

"Why, look here, Mr." said the Yankee captain, coolly, "I guess as how my tooth brush is just as well calculated for cutting up your breakfast fixins, as it is for brushing your hair, eh?"

The Frenchman was never known to interpose on the captain's tooth brush afterward. The manœuvre of the skipper was a settler for the Frenchman.

LOSS OF HUMANITY.—These lines, of old renown are again quoted in the English papers, but new views of humanity and its objects and aims, have come in with railroads and steam presses. The poor of art and science, though it emanate from man's own mind, lowers the tone of arrogance and presumption, whether it come from peasant or prince:

Tender minded bosom a settler,
And it stirgs you for your pains!
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
But it as with common nettles,
You them lick'd, they rebel:
But it rough as nutmeg grater,
And the nutter need you will.

FILLING UP.—A waggish printer, whom we once knew, was setting from the manuscript of an author, who wrote a very illegible hand, and whose style was not the best. Coming to a place in copy, which he found it impossible to decipher, he inserted the following:

"Here the author has written with the hand that's left."

"My DEAR WIFE"—so the man said when he looked at his last mailiner's bill.

Bad to Parable.

A man was travelling in Spain, leading his mount by the bridle. Suddenly the animal is seized with a paroxysm of fear—throws himself with impetuosity, foams and bounds in a manner so horrible that his master abandons him in the road and continues his journey. He presented at some distance from the road a deep stream, and as he still heard the fearful neighings of the animal, he sought a refuge there and fell over the precipice. But a short time elapsed ere he rose again